ANACONDA, MONTANA, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 11, 1891.

DO CHILDREN PAY?

"Do children pay?" said old man Scruggs, a-leaning on his hoe.
"Just wan till you've been married, say some twenty years or so.
You'll have more sens than to stand up there and throw your time away By askin' seek foolish questions, Pay! Great gosh! Of course they pay!

"We go home tuckered out at night; they clim b upon our knees, And when we try to pate 'em down they cry for one more squeeze. And roar and pitch about us all until, fust thing we know, oints are free from aching and our hearts are in a glow.

"They pay us when their frank young love shines in their joily eyes; Even when our ears are dealened there's music in their eries Sweeter than all the fiddles and the pianners ever made—
''t think it's so? Well, now, you wait and
'member what I've said.

"The man whose children's hearts are his is the man who is truly blest.

The sight at home of his boys and gals is more to him than the rest.

I swow! 'there wouldn't be half the fools in this weary world to-day

If all men could only understand what big intrus' children pay."

—Yanke Blade. - Yankee Blade,

A WALTZ'S DREAMY SWING.

[BALLADE.] No li y fashioned yet seemed fairer to the sight, A spray of mignonetic Lay on her robe of white; And smooth her sep, and light As swallows high awing, While drifted down the night A waltz's dreamy swing.

Prom reed and silvern fret
Came down from hidden height,
Like chanting rivulet
Sweet sounds of clear delight;
And then, in sudden might,
A violin's keen string
Sent out in circling fight
A waitz s dreamy swing.

Stories of Life.

FRESH YARNS, SOME TRUE SOME FANCIFUL, BY THE CLEVEREST OF WRITERS.

"There is no doubt, Herr Justigrath," "There is no doubt, Herr Justizrath," said the privy councilor of the public prosecutor of the district, who was just concluding a social call, "that you have given us in the management of this case a new proof of those powers of induction and deduction which are such essential gifts for a man in your position. If that apparently insignificant detail had escaped your penetrating mind, no doubt the guilty one would have escaped disthe guilty one would have escaped dis-covery. That reminds me of another incovery. That reminds me of another in-cident of a similar nature, perhaps even more strikingly abnormal, and which dates back to the early years of my career more strikingly abnormal, and which dates back to the early years of my career as an officer of the law. It was my luck then to unearth a murderer by means of a clew so tenuous and so fortuitously thrown in my way that I sometimes think the whole affair little less than miraculous. I do not mention it as a proof of my whilom cleverness, but simply as a startling example of what hazard—Providence, you may call it—can do to further the ends of justice."

"This preamble," said the prosecutor, "excites my curiosity to the highest degree. I do hope, Herr Geheimrath, that you will find it convenient to give me all the facts in this surprising case."

"Indeed I will, Herr Justizrath," was the courteous answer; "but to do so at once we shall have to transfer our quarters to my library. You are fond of rare books, I know, and I am not without a few interesting and valuable specimens of the printer's art. You will quickly find out that this visit to my beloved shelves has not taken us away from the subject I have just introduced. On the contrary, it will lead us to it, quite naturally."

"I am at your orders, Herr Geheimrath."

The two important dignitaries then

rath."

The two important dignitaries then withdrew to the next apartment, a lofty room lined with ponderous works by standard authors up to the beams of the ken ceiling. Every collector of books or curios runs

into some favorite groove or hobby.
Privy Councilor Otto Grotius' special
mania was the collecting of Bibles, and
he had been able to satisfy it to such an ire incl extent that his treasure included many rare editions missing from the shelves of the world-famed University library of Gottingen. He displayed his rare vol-times for the prosecutor to properly ad-mirs them one by one. After the venertimes for the prosecutor to properly admire them one by one. After the venerable Bible with images, issued in 1456 from the presses of Gutenberg and Fust, came the first edition of Luther's Bible, the polygiot Bible printed by Plantin of Antwerp, the Bible of Aldus Manutius, and many others of no mean merit of rarity. Finally the privy councilor, noticing a look of polite impatience in his companion's eyes, seised a couple of volumes of a very modern and shabby aspect, and said, with a merry twinkle in his eyes;

"My dear Justisrath, I reserved this, one of the gems of my library, for the climax of my descriptive exhibition."
"What! this seventeenth reprint, of no earthly beauty and value, one of the gems of your library?"
"Indeed it is, my friend; and there is

earthly beauty and value, one of the gems of your library?"

"Indeed it is, my friend; and there is a double reason for it. First, this work was given to my father by the Great Frederick himself. The Prussian here had deigned to scribble along the margins of the second volume sundry comments, perhaps less respectful than witty, just such comments as one would expect from Voltaire's particular friend. But this is not all. See here, Herr Justigrath, do you notice between the pages of the first volume this piece of paper, rendered yellow by age and doubtless intended as a book mark? Nothing in the world could induce me to remove this paper from the place it now ecupies, for it furnished me with the kry of that mysterious event I was mentioning to you a few moments ago."

"I understand," said the public prosectior, settling down in his chair, "your tale is about to begin." And it did in the following words:

"In the spring of 178—I married, and Frau Geheimrathin, my regretted wife, brought me as portion of her dowy the small estate of 8—, which we decided to adopt as our permanent abode, as it happened to be situated just half way between the capital and H. R. H., the grand duke's summer residence. You have been kind enough to admire many a time its garden laid out in the old French tyle, its hedges of yoke-elm trees, its quaintly-clipped yew trees, and its marble deittes clad in the latest operatic garb. Of course you have never been brought any further than the pleasure grounds, and have not been made acquainted with our very useful if unpoetical vegetable garden. I wish now you had had a glimpse at it, as you would have noticed at the same time a small house at the further end—and a genuine hauted house it is—at least so my superstitions field laborers have dubbed it for years.

"It does not look sinister, though, but has the commonplace aspect of a deserted one-story cottage, straw covered and moss caten, the front almost hidden behind creeping jasmine, honeysuckle and Bengal roses. The windows are paneless, the fireplace is choked with debris, the crumbling partitions show their bare lattice work; saitpeter and moisture reign therein supreme. The only use this small house is out to is to sheiter a few flower pots and gardener's

tools; no one among my servants would consent to make it his home; and at might you could not get any of them nearer than 50 feet from it.

"Now let me tell you that when we settled at 5— this cottage was used as dwelling place by the head gardener and his wife. This gardener's name was Josias; he had served as a Pomeranian Cuirassier, and had been some time in my father-in-law's service. We left him in possession of both employment and home. Should I live a thousand years I could never drive Josias' pleture out of my memory. The man was about 50 at the time, of commanding presence and powerfut aspect; with muscles like stee!, and a rquare determined face. His cycbrows met, in a straight line, across his forchead. He was beardlers and red of hair. There was in his expression, something stubborn, ambitious, hard to a degree. I was told he had attempted several times to rise above his state of semi-servitude, but he had failed in every one of his undertakings, and felt his ill-success bitterly. All the same. I'll be rich one day' he would say, 'you just wait and see. I don't know when it will happen, but it will happen, sure.' He was harsh with the men under his orders, harsh, and even cruel, with the animals about the place. He would beat the dogs, for instance, with a violence out of all proportions with their small peccadilloes. His anger was cold, silent, but fearful to be hold. Once or twice, marsuders having attempted to pillage his garden, he had found a devilish pleasure in shooting at and maiming them. He was hated by the whole household and the neighboring peasants used to believe openly in his power to throw malefices upon their crops and cattle. They said also that tv-ry country lass once looked at by him in a certain way became from that minute his docile and irresponishe slave.

"Quite late in life Josias married a woman much younger than than he was, and whose attitude toward him gave much strength to the strange prejudices above mentioned. No one suspected the poor creature of possessing any devil

power; on the contrary, she was believed to be the arch victim of her husband's evil connections. The pale, blonde wife, with her flabby checks and colorless eyes, trembled before her master like a bird under the magnetic stare of a snake. She was also subject to fits of lethargy. At times she would fall into a profound sleep so strangely akin to death that they had almost decined on one occasion to have her buried for good.

"Such were these rather peculiar husband and wife. As Josias performed his duties with conscientious activity, we lound no cause for dispensing with his services, putting no trust, of course, in the unpleasant rumors circulated concerning him.

louid no cause for dispensing win his services, putting no trust, of course, in the unpleasant rumors circulated concerning him.

"The gardiner was required occasionally, to perform some indoor work: for instance he would wax the floor of the library. This very room. One morning I entered the apartment suddenty while he was supposed to be thus occupied, and found him, instead, leaning against those shelves to the right, absorbed in the reading of the Bible I just showed you. He must have been deeply absorbed indeed, for he only let go the book when he saw me standing, very much surprised, a few steps away from him. He took his time, though, to mark the page he was reading with a scrap of paper. Then he put the Bible back in its place, and resumed his work. Look at this paper now; it is a fragment of an account of the pardner's expenses for the month of July, 173—.

"I noticed his embarrassment and thought it useless to add to it any words of reproof. It was not the precious volume annotated by Frederick the Great that he had handled, the one volume of the two which I trought to my visitor's attention, so the occasion never came to withdraw the improvised book-mark from its place. And here, Herr Justizrath, does the mystery begin.

"I he next morning—it was Sunday, you will please notice the coincidence of dates—the cook, who had not noticed Mistress Josias about the place as usual, went over to the cottage to inquire about her health. She found the poor creature in what appeared to be another of her lethargic sleeps. Stretched, stiff and cold, upon the bed, her cyes uitated and staring, she looked up, expressionless and terrifying.

"One of her old spells," said Josias, seemingly unconcerned.
"Some one proposed to run for the

"'One of her old spells,' said Josias,

"One of her old spells,' said Josias, seemingly unconcerned.
"Some one proposed to run for the doctor. He protested energetically.
"What's the use?' he exclaimed: 'I haven't any money to throw away. We all know what's the matter with her. She'll wake up all right.'
"Three days later, however, when symptoms of decomposition began to manifest themselves, the doctor was called in, and could only give his official indorsement to what every one knew by that time: Mistress Josias' chronic weakness had brought about her painless demise.

ness had brought about her painless demise.

"I had better say right here that one month earlier Mistress Josias had been made the recipient of a rather important legacy from a distant relative. She had, aimost on the day the money had come into her possession, made a will in her husband's favor.

"Perhaps you don't see, Herr Justigrath, what connection does exist between these unimportant events and the bookmark

in my old Bible. Just wait a mollonger. We come to that presently.

in my old Bible. Just wait a moment longer. We come to that presently.

After having stopped a minute in his narrative to enjoy the prosecutor's growing curiosity, the privy councilor proceeded:

"Shortly after his wife's death, Josias, worth now a few thousand thalers, more or less, left my service and started in business for his own account in the district of F—. We learned a few years later that fortune continued to smile upon his undertakings and that he has been appointed burgomaster of his parish. To F— he never returned; not even once taking the trouble to visit the churchyard wherein lay the remains of his defunct source.

"That churchyard was not, however, to preserve its distinction any longer. It was so damp that the most dangerous miasmats was fostered in the ambient atmosphere, often appearing through the warm summer nights in the awe-inspiring shape of will-o-the-wisps, erratic and phosphorescent. It was first decided to close it up. Ten years later the new public road was ordered pushed through 'the old cemetery,' and the diggers began their dismal task of removing the human debris from their disturbed tombs.

"In the last month of 1799 the work started in earnest and the bones of the denisens of this campo-santo were brought to the surface. One merning early, as the diggers were wending ther way toward the theater of their daily task, they noticed an old begar woman, roaming among the upturned tombs, picking up stray branches of dry wood. Suddenly she was heard to utter a piercing scream, raising her arms with all the outward signs of dreadful fright. The crowd hurried toward her and listened to her disconnected narrative. More by means of gestures than by the use of words she managed to explain to the bystanders how she had seen, there, just then, almest under he feet, a human skuli, moving about as if alive!

"Look, I-ok,' she found the strength to shriek. 'It is moving now!'

"Its might. The old hag had spoken the truth. Yone in the mud, close to an open grave, a skull was moving jumping rath

"One of the workmen ran for the neigh boring priest; another, less rel g-cusly inclined, went after the village doctor. A third one thought of me, and I reached the eventful spot just as our new surgeon

was coming up.
"True to his creed and profession, the "True to his creed and procession, the scientist made loud fun of the crowd's silly superstitions, and walking boldly to the dreaded skull, lifted it up, in propra manu, allowing a toad, the mot.v.power of the gruesome combination, to escape

of the gruesome combination, to escape over the mul heaps.

"You see, 'exclaimed the doctor, with a sarcastic laugh; but he stopped short, and he paled perceptibly as his practiced eye noticed, driven clean across the occi-put, a thin, steel nail, long enough to have travered through and through, when hammered in, the brain that filled that skull.

"Ho! ho!' he could not belp remark-ing aloud: 'the murderer was anything

"Ho! ho! he could not belp remarking aloud; the murderer was anything but a fool. The death he caused must have been instantaneous, bloodless and traceless, the hair c wering, no doubt, the tiny head of the needle-like nail. My predecessor must have given apoplexy or heart failure as the cause of death."
"Appalled in the presence of such discovery, I hastened to try and discover at least the name of the victim. Four tombs had been opened simultaneously and the bones extracted therefrom heaped aside promiscuously. Close attention allowed me to decipher a name upon one of the pulled out crosses.

me to decipher a flate upon pulled out crosses.

"It was that of Cornelia Josias!

"And then, with lightning rapidity, a thought crossed my excited brain—not a thus wide, fire South thought merely, but the close remembrance of an all-but-forgotten, indeed, a tiny print in the said there many the slender.

"A tiny print in the said there many the slender."

Where the daring flight. back to my house, walked breathlessly into my library, into this room where we are now, and I opened a book—this Bible.

"The proof I was looking for was there; I did not believe any more—I knew!

"The next day personnen entered Jo-

sias' house. They found him seated at his dinner table taking his solitary meal. "The captain approached him silenty, and placing his finger without a word of warning upon the man's temple—just where the nail had been driven through

where the nail had been driven through
—he said slowly:

"Josias, you have murdered your wife."

"Shuddering with abject terror the
wretch stammered: 'Yes—yes—I know—
it's G-si's vengeance. The book, this
book—I can't breathe."

"And he fell back, struck dead on the
spot by the awful shock.

"And now, Herr Just zrath, do me the "And now, Herr Just zrath, do me the kindness to open this bible, just where the rough book mark, placed by Jistas the day preceding the murder, divides the pages. It opens at the Book of Judger, chapter the fourth. Just ruidown the column and stop at the 21st verse; now kindly read aloud."

And the prosecutor's voice was heard saying:

saying:
"Then Jae', Heber's wife, took a nail of "Then sae', Hener's wife, took a hall of the tent, and took a hammer in her hand, and went softly into Sisera, and smote the nail into his temple, for he was fast asleep and weary. And so he died.— Ch'eago Tribune."

A MINOR CHORD.

I heard a strain of music in the street, A wandering wafe of sound; and they straigh

way A nameless desolation filled the day. The great green earth, that i is i been The great green earm, that the been last as weet,
Seemed but a tomb; the life 'thought replete
With joy grew lonely for a vanished May;
Forgotten sorrows resurrected lay
Like ghastly skeletons about my feet,

Above me stretched the silent suffering sky.

Dumb with vast abguesh for departed suns,
That brucal Time to nothingness had hurled
The daylight was as and as smiles that lie
Upon the wiseful unkissed mouths of nuns,
And a stood prisoned on an awful world.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Lippincott's.

GOOD TIME TO QUIT POKER

From the Detroit Tribune

"I was reading in the Tribune this morning," said a gentleman at the Hotel Cadillac, "about the heavy gambling operations carried on at western hotels, I'il tell you a true story about one of these games if you do not use my name. Not that I care so much, but on account of the firm I am now with. I was in business in Kansas City and had a splendid young fellow for a partner. He would play poker and try to beat the horses. I often warned him of the danger of this, but he persisted. It was near Christmas time, and one morning he came into the store and said: 'Lastnight I lost \$900 at poker. I still ow#\$500 to the game and have to-day to make it good. I am going to raise the money somewhere and want you to go and pay it for me as I am never going to firm I am now with. I was in business

enter a gambling-room again. I felt sorry for the young man and after dinner he handed me \$500 and I went up to pay it. When I entered the room a big laugh went up and the men, all my personal friends, and the wealthiest in the city, began to guy me about my partner. Jack Haverly was there and said that the young man had sent his old partner up to beat the game. Now, in years gone by I had played o pretty stiff game of noker myself, and it nettied me, though I had not played a game in years. So, instead of paying the \$500 over to the banker, I bought \$500 worth of chips and began to play. Luck was with me from the first, and in an hour I had canceled the \$500 my partner owed and was ahead of the game. I played another hour and cashed in \$1,500, having won back all my partner's losses of the preceding night and \$1,100 to the good. I carried back a receipt for \$500 to him and said nothing. On Christmas day I turned over to him a check for \$500, and had in my own name \$1,100 in the bank. I never toid him how I got the money, but neither of us has ever touched a card sance. Winning \$2. l got the money, but neither of us has ever touched a card since. Winning \$2,-000 in two hours is about as much disgrace to a man as lesing that amount. The gang often invited me to play after that, but I would never tempt fortune a second time."

LIVED AMID SKELETONS.

Two prospectors recently visited the island of San Nicholas, cff the Ventura coast, with the purpose of taking up the land, says the Brocklyn Citizen. They found the land on the island, which is four miles wide by 12 long, utterly barren On the western side sand is about the only thing seen, and this has been blown from the beach clear to the top of the is-

land, 700 or 800 feet high. On the other side of the island they found human bones for a distance of five miles along the beach. They were very thick, and it looked at if it had been a

graveyard.

They also discovered the remains of They also discovered the remains of buman bodies on the ridge, which runs lengthwise through the island. In some piaces two skeletons were seen close together, as if they had been buried in the same grave. The wind had blown off what covering of soil had been thrown over them. Bones were thickly strewn along the ridge for upward of three miles. From appearances upward of 4,0.0 India's must have been buried there.

4,0.0 India's must have been buried there.

A shanty which had been built on the west side was found buried clear to the roof in sand. There are now about 2,000 sheep on the island, and from a sort of rough grass they seem to keep fat. The party went into a cave which afforded an Indian woman, the sole occupant of the island, a home for seven years. It seems that when her party was leaving the that when her party was leaving the sland she jumped overboard and swam ashore in the night. Years went by be-fore she was taken off.

MELIK THE BLACK.

Where has the Princess gone.—
The Princess Parzade?
The dazz ing gow of the orient dawn
Floots down through the garden glade.
She is not in the room where the air is sweet
With the seem of the atlaced rose.
And the finkle of silver-sandaled feet
Like a book o'er the marke flows;
She is not in the mosque nor the aim klosk,
She is not in the aimond-close.

Melik the black stands mute
By the har m's out-r door;
Does he dream of the sound of the Sennar flute,
And the warm Nile nights of yoe?
Does he muse on the happy, bond ess days
By the des at fountains too;
When he rode h s barb o'er the trackless ways,
Ere he came to be the tool
Of the loves and hates in the palace gates
Of the treacherous Istamboul?

His though's are not afar to the wide, free Southern land; He sees, as ne saw 'neath the partie star, There many the slender hadder yet
Where the daring flight was made;
On the water-start the olze and wet
Betray where the blat was staved;
She has field o'er afte main from her gided
thath
The Princess Parizide.

And shall be bide to face
His master's merchess wrath?
Woe on the sun that waits for grace
In a madelened trant's path!
But isst—o'er the court's m suce floor
Creeps one with a panther tread.
Benied the form at the haren door
with the mournful low-grouped head,
A dagger bright in the morning legat!—

STRANGE STORY OF PEPA.

From the New York Becorder.

A few days ago there died in France a woman who, although ill-favored and disagreeable, ex-reised a most powerful influence on the destinies of Europe. Extraordinary though it may appear, sh was nothing out a servant girl, with so to write her name, which was Pepa. She maid and confidential factorum of the her marriage to Napoleon.

press Eugenie was principally responsi-ble for many of the most cruel of France's disasters. . She was entirely under the control of her maid, who possessed all the vices and none of the virtues of the Spanish character. The emperor and many of Eugenie's friends and relatives many of Eugenie's friends and relatives repeatedly implored her to dismiss Pepa, but without avail, and it was current at the time that she owed her exceedingly strong position to some dangerous secret of her mistress, which the latter feared she would reveal.

Pepa commenced her career as a mere maid, with white apron and cap, in the service of the old Cunters of Montjo, taking her meals in the kitchen. She afterward became the maid and confidance of Eugenie, being aware of

dante of Eugenie, being aware of all her flirtations and adventures prior to her marriage to Napoleon. On becoming Empress Eugenie appointed her first femme de chambre, and subsequently gave her the place of treasurer of her household. Just before the latter pro-

her, and at the emperor's request the corporal was advanced to the rank of licutenant on the wedding day.

Every purchase made by the empress passed through Pepa's hands—not only those of clothes, but also of nictures, statues, bric-a-brac and jewels. In each case Pepa insisted on containing a commission, and thus it was that when the empire came to an end, in 1870, she possessed a fortune of 5,000,000 francs in money and 800,000 francs in jewels deposited in the vaults of the Bank of France. The amount of her wealth became known just before the declaration of war, through the death of ner husband, which rendered it necessary that an inventory should be taken of her property. All the dresses, and, in fact, the whole wardrobe of the empress, with the cr-

ception of certain valuable furs and laces, were included in Pepa's perquisites. The empress rarely were a dress more than once—or at the most twice—and accordingly they accumulated fast. Every month or two Pepa used to organize a regular auction sale of all these dresses in her apartments in the Tuileries, which were situated in the Pavilion de Flore. Great ladies and demi-mondaines alike attended these extraordinary sales, when it was possible to obtain a dress worth many thousand france at a cost of only a few hundred france.

Pepa was small, swarthy, and angular; her lips were thin and cruel, and her small eyes vicious and cumming. At the palace she was hated but feared. Indeed, the familiars of the court were went to regard her in much the same manner as the courtiers of Richelieu looked upon the cardinal's confessor, l'Eminence Grise.

KATYDID

In the cool, crisp, nights of autumn,
When the woods are dark and still,
L ha above the lisping crickets
Rings in accents clear and shrill
That never-ending wiangle of the greenwing d kstydid:
Katy did!
Katy did!
Yes she did!

From twilight until rosy dawn steals softly o'er the hids. These disputations insects, who inherit stubborn

Wills,
Are nagging one another with voices rasping rude;
Who was it broke the bottle?
And at once the restless brood;
Kary did:
Fay didn't!
Yes she did!

When freely nights have chilled the flerceness of their rows,
And only faint, weak stragglers still cling among the beugh,
'lis sad to hear their faltering song,
Then echo of the past,
Suin keeping up the family fend, though life be shipping fast:
Katy did!
Katy did!
Yes she did!

—Fore t and Stream.

THE COLONEL HAD THE DROP "I met a real Kentucky colonel the

other day from Louisville," said a young Washington man to a Star writer. "He was in all respects a most admirable rep-resentative of that peculiar type which only such social conditions as existed be-fore the war could have produced, and which is so rapidly passing away never to return. To me the old gentleman was quite a study. His dress was faultiess, though old-inshioned and after a mode of elegance which was of years gone by, and his manners were of the true courtly style. Of such as be few indeed now are ief, I fancy, so mild of manner and yet a suldued suggestion about him of the true fire-eater.
"The colonel invited me to take a

drink. It was at a bar-room near the Capitol. As well as I could perceive during the short time of my acquaintance with him he invariably extended a like courtesy to every one he met. Doubtless he had followed the practice long, inasmuch as the end of his nose was of a redness such as no mere casual potations could have incurred. He took Roughon could have incurred. He tock Bourbon whiskey, of course, and it is unnecessary to say that he took it straight. There wasn't a tremor in his long and well-made though wrinkled hand as he held made though wrinkled hand as he held
the I quor up between his eyes and the
light. With an elaborate compliment
and an accompanying graceful gesture,
he drank it off and plunged anew into a
story he had been teiling about the war.

""We were in the trench just under the
redoubt, he was saying, and only six
men in my company were left alive.
Close by where I stood a group of a dezen
brave fellows had been blown to fragments by a shell, so that the ground was

ments by a shell, so that the ground was interally bestrewed with bits of flesh, and so slippery with blood that—" "Humph!" "itimph!"
"'The exclamation came from a tall and loosely tuit man with a dark mustache, who stood at the other end of the bar. The colonel turned on his heel slightly, started at the person through his gold-rimmed eyeglasses, dropping them from his nose again, and went on.
"'As I was saying, the ground was literally piled with dead, by gad, sir! But just at this moment the tide of battle turned. The Yankees fell back and—'
"'That's a d—d lie!'
"'Again it was the tall man with a dark

just at this moment the tide of battle turned. The Yankees fell back and—"
"That's a d—d lie!"
"Again it was the tail man with a dark mustache who spoke, drawling out the words which to a Kennucky colonel have an import of insuit the deadliest conceivable. The demeanor of the latter was one of perfect caimness, but the repressed passion which raged beneath his ruffled shirt bosom was betrayed by his nose, which suddenly surned perfectly white. Once more adjusting his eyeglasses and gazing through them for a moment steadfastly at the interrupter, he said:

"Sir, this is a conversation of gentlemen, in which you could necessarily have no part. I mry go so far as to say that in any conversation of gentlemen, in which you could necessarily have noment to cough slightly, he added: Furthermore, sir, you will withdraw that remark which you have just made, or you will not leave this room allive."

"In concinding his remarks the colonel placed his hand on his revolver, half drawing it from his hip pocket, and in that attitude, while still gazing intently at the tail man with the dark mustache, awaited a reply. It came very promptly. The tail man apologized profusely and wanted to shake hands.

"No, sir!" said the colonel, drawing himself up with his hands behind him. You are a blackguard, sir, and a Kentucky gentleman does not shake hands with a person of your kind. The best thing you can do is to get out of here at once."

"When the tail man had slunk out of

thing you can do is to get out of here at once."

"When the tall man had slunk out of the room the whiskey bottle was again set forth upon the bar. The old gentleman lifted his tumbier to his lips and I noticed that there was not the slightest tremor in the flugers that held it.

"I don't see how you could do a thing like that so well, off-hand, colonel,' I said. 'It seemed to me that life and death might be the question of a moment, and your nerve astonished me.'

me.'
"'My dear boy,' be replied, 'the matter was less extraordinary and perhaps less dangerous than it appeared to you. The minute that the insulting words were said minute that the insulting words were said my entire line of action was planned out in my mind in a flash. To begin with, you will remember that I taunted the feilow, saying that he was not a gentleman. I even repeated the taunt and paused a moment to give him an opportunity to attack me. If he had not been a coward—if he had been going to fight at all—he would have attacked me then. What was my object in that? Simply to give myself the plea of justifiable homicide which would hold good before a jury. When I demanded his apology or his life I had the drop on him and there was only one thing that he could do. There

was not a moment during the disagree-ableness when I was in any danger. I have been through a great many troubles of a tragic nature, and I tell you that the man who keeps his head wins. Never lose your nerve in a quarrel and always keep in mind the pies of self-defense which you will need if you kill your ad-versary.' "

HIT AT ANTIETAM.

M. Quad in the New York World.

Hooker was trying to drive Jackson at Antietam. It is one of the mysteries of Antietam. It is one of the mysteries of war that he did not annihilate him and then take Lee in flank. We outnumbered him, and we extended our lines until only a skirmish line of gray opposed us, but on no field of battle in the whole war did the confederates fight so flercely. It seemed as if every single company had been told to heid its ground until the last man was wiped out. We breasted up to the gray lines time after time, but they would not give back. They faced us and died. If they lost a rod of ground they charged back and recovered two.

I remember how the corn waved and rustled as we pushed through if that thy how the silken tassels became detached

I remember how the corn waved and rustled as we pushed through if that day—how the silken tassels became detached and floated into our faces like spiderwebs on a dewy summer's morning. They were waiting for us—the men who had come up from Harper's Ferry without a halt—foot-sore, hungry, thirsty, but ready to die to save Lee's left wing. They never made a halt to moisten their parched throats at the well of Sharpsburg—never a halt for the laggards to come up. Lee was in danger and old Stonewall rode at their head. The politicians simply slur them. Those who breasted up against them on the battlefield remember only how galiantly they died.

At first a scattering fire—a man falling out here and there. The pop! pop! pop! increases in rapidity—now it becomes a continual roar—here comes the command to charge! There is a cheer—a rush, and we are checked. Men cannot dodge bullets, but we dodge as they sip and spit and whistle by our ears. A storm of bullets cannot be breasted like a gale of wind laden with snowflakes, but we bend our heads and advance.

What is it? Why am I lying on the ground? Is the fight over that the din of battle has so nearly died away? I woncer and wonder. It is like waking out of a sound slumber. Now I know what it is—I'm hit! A bullet has crashed into my shoulder, spun me around like a top, and then dashed me to the earth in a heap. Men struck that way less consciousness for a minute or two. The roar swells out again—I hear men cursing and cheering, and I finally understand that our lines have been driven back. I lift my head for a hasty look around, and I find that I have lots of company. The dead and wounded are as numerous scorn-hills.

A bullet in the shoulder is nothing. A pint or two of i leed lost from the body is

and that I have lots of company. The dead and wounded are as numerous as corn-hills.

A bullet in the shoulder is nothing. A pint or two of thood lost from the body is of no account. I turned over, seize a dead man by the arm, and pull mysiif up, but everything dances before my eyes and I sirk down in a heap. It isn't the wound itself, but the shock to the nervous system. I've seen a six-footer drop in a heap and cry like a woman because a bullet had made one of his fingers an inch shorter, and he was never charged with being a coward, eithe r.

There is no such thing as time on a battlefield. A general may watch its flight but a private soldier has no thought of it. The sun may have been at meridian when the battle opened. All of a sudden he is amazed that the orb has gone from sight. He has fought on, giving no heed to time.

Only half conscious—only half realise.

he is amazed that the orb has gone from sight. He has fought on, giving no heed to time.

Only half conscious—only half realising that I was bit—I by and by felt the cool breezes of evening and lost the glare of the sun. Some one gave me water, but I felt to dreary to open my eyes. Some one pulled a dead man off my legs—a wounded comrade who had crept over to me in search of water and died. But I did not open my eyes; I could not. It seemed as if great weights had been placed on my eyelids to keep them shut. There was a babel of sounds around me, but I heard only one voice. That sounded miles away as it said:

"Now, then, you all be mightly keerful how you tote that boy, fur he's bin powerfully hit. Needn't mind me so much, though I reckon I'm good for a wooden leg if you Yanks kin spar the timber!"

It was a "rebel!" He'd been caring for me for hours as tenderly as he would for his own son, and yet they separated us that night never to meet again. I have never had an opportunity to look into his face and thank him. I never even saw him.

THE SINGLE MAN.

He meets the smile of the young and old, he was the proise of all. He is feasted at the banquet and distinguished at the bail; When town grows dull and sultry he may fly to A weicome visitor in turn at twenty country

He need not seek society, for, do whate'er he Invitations and attentions will pursue the single Fathers and brothers anxiously attempt his

Patters and ordered task to sulf; In every trout brook he may fish and everywhere may shot; Political opponents to his principles concede, He quaffs the finest Eurgandy, he rides the flectest steed And never yet were families, since first the world United, bless'd, and fond as those who court the

The price of bread, the price of funds on him inflict no lils; He fea s no winter avalanche of tradesmen's lengthy bils; "Academies" and "colleges" he passes calmly Nor casts on tancy dry goods stores a sad and timed eye;
The rates of life insurance he never cares to scan,
"Trustees" and "jointures" boast no power to
rack the single man,

But years steal on, and he begins with careful folks to class.

And shuns the picule scramble, and the dinner on the grass.

And dreads the cold spare chamber, and the crowded hall of mirth,

And loves the spreading easy chair and blazing quiet hearth. quiet hearth.

And votes warm rooms and early hours the best
and wisest plan;

But home affords few comforts to the afling

He lacks a true and kindred heart his joy and He lacks the winning tenderness of woman's

gentle care;
No chadren gather round him, a beloved and
lov ng train,
Eager to win their father's smile, to soothe their their father's smile, to soothe their Eager to win their father's smile, to soothe their father's path— He rates his poor dependants as a mercenary Attachments come not ready made to cheer the

single man.

He stirs the fire, undraws the blind, and counts
the clock's and chime;
Acquaintances sometimes sit with him five minuses at a time; "Longer they really cannot stay, so nervous he

is grown; it seems a chirity to go, and leave him quite No earnest eyes to his are raised, his changeful The bland physician's queries must suffice the single man.

-New York Ledger.